

6th All Men Mad:

OR,

ENGLAND

A

Great Bedlam.

A

P O E M.

L O N D O N,

Printed in the Year, MDCCIV.

14. Septemb.

All Men's

OR

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A

General



A

POETRY

LONDON

Printed in the Year, MDCCLXIV.

All Men Mad:

OR,

ENGLAND

Great Bedlam.

THE Muses now send forth their Sonnets,
 And the *High Church* rolls up their Bonnets;
 The Crown has endless Honour gain'd,
 By the late Victory obtain'd;
 And ev'ry Loyal Soul's so glad,
 He tipples off his Cups like Mad,
 And swears we have a Queen, God bless her,
 Worth twenty of her Predecessor.

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The

The Whigs displeas'd, and much confus'd,
 To hear their Champion so traduc'd,
 Abhor the Peer that has outdone him,
 And cast their dirty Dabs upon him,
 Because he's luckily knock'd down
 Two Birds with one successful Stone ::
 Thus did, at one Blow, o'ercome
 Our Foes abroad and those at home ::
 Broke all the Measures they had taken,
 And sav'd the Church of *England's* Bacon,
 From those who with much pains and cost,
 Had labour'd hard to rule the Roast ::
 But, Heav'n be prais'd, they're disappointed,
 By th' Wisdom of the Lord's Anointed.

The Churchmen bluster, talk, and rattle,
 Of nothing but the late great Battle;
 How many Thousands we have slain,
 Of *Lewis* and *Barbaria's* Men;
 And from our best News Papers reckon,
 How many Prisoners we have taken:
 How the *English* stood upon their Ten-toes,
 And bravely maul'd the *Bougerantoes*;

Making

Making them fly like Pigs and Hogs;
 In Peas-field, from a Farmer's Dogs;
 And with such Courage did so scowre 'em;
 They did not dare to stand before 'em.

The Whigs would have it all forgot,
 And buz'd about a *Popish Plot*;
 A black, deep-laid Assassination,
 To kill the Q---- and fright the Nation,
 And bring in Transubstantiation:
 But this old Cheat was soon decry'd,
 So dwindl'd into Shuff and dy'd.

Great *Reek* too, with his Canvas Wings,
 Glad Tidings to the Nation brings,
 Has taken *Gibraltar* Town,
 To th' Honour of the *English* Crown.
 Nay, some don't scruple to report,
 He's done the *Thoulon* Fleet much hurt;
 Taken one half, and so beshot 'em,
 He's sent the other to the bottom.
 The grumbling Tribe but look amiss
 On such successful News as this:

For

For tho' they can't dislike the Action,
 Yet still they express dissatisfaction,
 To think at Land a Gallant Duke,
 And on the Seas a cunning Rook,
 Should in one Summer do much more,
 Than e'er their Hero could before;
 Altho' he had a longer Purse,
 A weaker Foe, and stronger Force,
 Than e'er was possess'd by Prince,
 Before his happy Reign, or since:
 But had he liv'd we shou'd have seen
 He wou'd have outdone any Queen,
 And conquer'd all our Foes around us,
 To've left us better than he found us:
 But since by Death we're disappointed,
 Blame not, I pray, the Lord's Anointed,
 But let his Urn his Ashes hide,
 And we alive rest satisfi'd:
 For Wise Men know, a hungry Sinner,
 By grumbling, seldom get a Dinner.
 Thus Int'rest does the Land divide,
 And makes Men take the strongest side;

Who

Who hurry on amidst the Throng,
Without considering Right or Wrong.

At Court the Great Ones Jar and Quarrel,
Like Tinkers o'er a strong Beer Barrel;
For as they struggle when they're mellow,
Who is the strongest stoutest Fellow,
Their Worships, Lordships, and their Graces,
Contend for Honours and high Places,
Each striving, in his gainful Post,
Who 'tis shall cheat the Nation most.
The Fav'rites hover round the Throne,
And jostle one another down.
Each envies t'other rising Man,
And plays at Catch-knave if he can,
To lift him from his lofty Station,
That he may enter by Succession,
And take his turn to cheat the Nation.
Some few to great Preferments rise,
For being Politick and Wise;
And many cringing Sycophants,
By Flattery themselves advance :

For

For Courts require such useful Tools,
 As humble Slaves and fawning Fools;
 Whilst Men of Merit are rejected,
 And laid aside as things neglected:
 So we the Lap-Dog daily see,
 Is dandled on my Lady's Knee,
 Whilst the stout Mastiff fares but hard,
 And lies in Chains to keep the Yard.
 Some by their great Success in Wars,
 Tho' honour'd with no Wounds or Scars,
 Climb high in popular Esteem,
 And creep so near the Diadem,
 They vex the envious standers by,
 At Court, that cannot climb so high,
 That greater dangers do arise
 From their domestick Enemies,
 Than what they meet with in the Field,
 When Thousands on the Spot are kill'd:
 For when tempestuous Winds arise,
 And fullen Clouds obscure the Skies,
 The Storms no lowly Hut can touch,
 Whilst lofty Structures suffer much.

So in a vex'd and ruff'd State,
 The Man's least safe that is most Great;
 For Envy always darts her Spight
 At those who sit the greatest height.

Some by Court-Jilts to Grandeur rise,
 And o'er their Betters tyrannize;
 For he that can the Favours win
 Of some great Noble's Concubine,
 Need never doubt a gainful Place,
 From his kind Lordship or his Grace.

'Tis not'd that one sterling Brother
 Is oft the making of another.

The Cuckold commonly we find
 Is to the Cuckold maker kind;
 Then hang the Fool that hates the Sport,
 Since W----s are such good Friends at Court.

Thus Man does over Man preside,
 And one Knave does another ride;
 Those that are mounted, they are blest,
 He that is low must be oppress'd,
 And with submission bear that weight,
 Which makes more cunning Mortals Great.

And

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Thus

Thus Rich-Men use the Poor like Horses,
 And make their Cruppers gall'd their Arses:
 But when they remember that bestride 'em,
 Who can be blam'd that strive for Freedom,
 And kick to throw the Knave that ride 'em.
 Thus many rise and wealthy grow,
 As if by Fate, we know not how:
 But when shall we the wonder see,
 Of Men advanc'd for Honesty?
 Such Miracles we ne'er shall find,
 I doubt, until the Devil's blind.
 Whilst Conscience is but made a Sport,
 And Vertue has few Friends at Court,
 And Men aspire by doing ill,
 We're all but in Confusion still.

The gaudy Fop, to make a show,
 Rattles his *Flanders* to and fro,
 That all the gazing Fools and Asses,
 May ask his Title as he passes:
 If he but sees the People stare at
 His noble Seeds, and new Dutch Chariot,

And

And with surprise and admiration,
 Behold his Pride and Ostentation,
 Viewing with pleasure and amazement
 The Coxcomb, thro' his Chariot-Casement,
 He's happy thus to ride about,
 Despising those that walk on Foot;
 For all he aims at is to show
 The vain Extraneous of a Beau.

The Statesman labours to be Great,
 By managing Intrigues of State;
 If he be faithful to the Crown,
 He makes the jealous People frown,
 Who fear, and not without some cause,
 His Politicks should strain the Laws,
 And make (by robbing of the Spittle)
 The Prince too Great, and them too Little.
 If with the People he unites,
 And labours to secure their Rights,
 Courting a popular esteem,
 He then affronts the Diadem.

Who have good reason to believe,
 He has a trimming Knave in's Sleeve;
 And that his double *Janus* Face,
 Is ne'er without a Snake ith Grass.
 Thus Men, tho' Great, are so unjust,
 People, nor Prince know who to trust.

The Female Quality, who devide
 Their lazy hours 'twixt Lust and Pride,
 Bit by the Dog-star in the Breach,
 That makes their rusted Honours itch,
 Hurry to Plays and publick Places,
 To shew their Features and their Graces,
 In hopes to charm some Am'rous Spark,
 That may be trusted in the dark.
 For they are doubtless in the right,
 Who (making a false step by Night)
 Take care it never comes to light.

The pious Jilt to Church repairs,
 And sanctifies her Lust with Prays,
 Designing only the promotion
 Of some Intrigue, and not Devotion.

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And

And ere she quits the Congregation,
 To whisper out some Affignation;
 That the dear Blessing, which she wanted,
 As soon as pray'd for, might be granted.
 Thus does the Penitential Lover,
 Her Lust, with her Devotion, cover,
 And passes for a Vertuous Creature,
 That loves Pray'r well, tho' Kissing better.
 Thus Ladies, arm'd with all their Arts,
 Even in Churches throw their Darts,
 To win and wound complacent Hearts.

The Noble surfeits in the Arms
 Of her that has the newest Charms,
 From stale to fresh enjoyment roves,
 Like Bull among his horned Loves,
 That were we (I believe in troth)
 To view the Actions of them both,
 That both alike would prove so kind,
 It would be difficult to find,
 Who would most change of Scenes afford,
 The Parson's Stallion or my Lord.

Courts have their Harlots and Vices,
 As well as Stews and common Places;
 Great Lords in Pallaces have Follies,
 As well as those that dwell in Allies.
 The difference is, Great Persons sin in
 Much softer Beds and finer Linen,
 Which to their Vices adds a gust,
 And makes them close with greater Lust:
 A rich gay Dress the Fancy warms,
 And gives fair Phillis greater Charms:
 It makes us love, and gaze with wonder,
 And think the better of what's under.

Thus grave great Dons and wild Debauchers,
 That live in State and ride in Coaches,
 Stallions and Jilts of Quality,
 And Hypocrites of high degree,
 That make so much a stir about
 Who is most virtuous and devout,
 All join together to compleat
 The motley numbers of the Great;

And

And thus confus'dly mix'd together,
 They jog on sinning God knows whether.
 Some courting Honour, others Wealth,
 Some playing with their Tails by stealth;
 Some sporting in the Devil's Name,
 In publick, without sense of Shame,
 And will their own base servants trust,
 To be the Partners in their Lust.
 The Butler, or the stinking Coachman,
 The nasty Groom, or any such Man,
 Shall by my Lady's Honour take her,
 And be their Master's Cuckold-maker.
 Thus all Men pursue their Vices,
 The Rich have their Fools' Paradise.

The Church looks languishing and deadly,
 Religion's made a perfect medley:
 Her Pastors such a wrangling keep,
 They quite confound their very Sheep:
 Some are too fiery in their Jars,
 Others as cool as Cucumbers:

And some such tripping Moderators,
 When e'er they meddle in Church-Matters,
 That Int'rest does always allure em
 To join that side will best secure em,
 And grease their Palms to preach and scribble;
 And to their Cause pervert the Bible;
 Yet I'll maintain it is arrant Nonsense,
 To say they Act against their Conscience;
 For a Priest's Conscience never teaches,
 Sin dwells in Safety or in Riches:
 Alas, it can't be disallow'd,
 But both are exquisitely good;
 If so, how can we justly blame
 Our Guides, who make these things their aim?
 Since 'tis the duty of a Priest,
 To choose, and hold fast what is best
 The Church is in her self divided,
 And by her grumbling Sons derided:
 Well may they wrangle and find Fault
 And betwixt two Opinions halt
 Since her own Priests, do her Dishonour;
 Others impose a thousand Blurs upon her:

And

And those in *London* that should assert her,
 In the most dangerous Times desert her,
 And like good Saints, to mend the matter,
 Side with a factious Brood that hate her.
 Just so a base Adulterous Wretch,
 To gratifie his lustful Itch,
 Cleaves to a Harlot he has bedded,
 And slights the honest Spouse he's wedded.

The canting Crew that us'd to rail at
 The name of Bishop and of Prelate,
 And always spoke the Church more evil,
 Than ere they did the Pope or Devil,
 Are now so hugely reconcil'd,
 To what their Tongues before revil'd,
 That each Fanatical Fantastick
 Cries up the L-d's Ecclesiastick:
 For such good Men, such Moderators,
 Such kind Occasional Debaters,
 Rais'd up in times of sad Confusion,
 To save th' Elect from Persecution.
 So will an arrant Knave cry out,
 His Comrade is an honest Trouer;

Yet Wise-Men will conclude no other,
 But one's as bad a Knave as t'other.
 Thus the Dissenting Tribe commends
 The B----s, as their only Friends;
 And they, kind Fathers, are so good,
 Out of meer Love and Gratitude,
 To hang the Church upon the Tenters,
 And stoutly stand by the Dissenters.
 Thus Int'rest, we may see, unites
 The most repugnant opposites :
 Two scabby Foes will soon agree,
 Scratch me, says one, and I'll scratch thee.
 'Tis by some honest Authors said,
 That Bishops with the Church do wed,
 And if they don't their Duty do,
 They wrong the Spouse they're marry'd to :
 But we, alas, too oft have seen,
 A Spark who long in Love has been
 At last the spotless Virgin marry,
 And soon become her Adversary,
 Slight her, abuse her, and disgrace her,
 And never cordially embrace her,

But

But spend the Fortune which she brought,
 Upon some base designing Slur;
 Whilst his fair Spouse sits down dejected,
 And pines to see her self neglected,
 Should I but ask an honest Priest,
 That will not with his Conscience Jest,
 What such vile Husbands do deserve,
 He'd say at least to hang or starve,
 Nay, to be d-----d, say I, no better,
 So yours, good B-----p Moderator.

Religion, which we us'd to prize
 Above all things beneath the Skies,
 With the grave Saints as well as Ranter,
 Is now become a common Banter:
 Some use it to improve our Fears,
 And set the Nation by the Ears,
 Others, to cloak their ill Designs,
 And hide their Antichristian Mines,
 Prepar'd to blow up Church and State;
 The only Objects of their hate.

In short, it is so marr'd and maim'd,
 Men think they've all along been sham'd,
 By an old Fable put in print,
 That has but very little in't,
 Reprove them that they don't obey,
 And thus the wicked Heathens say;
 Religion! 'tis a trick of State,
 To make the Poor support the Great,
 It answers not its first intent,
 But breeds those Ills it should prevent:
 It widens Discords, heightens Jars,
 Draws Kingdoms into bloody Wars:
 It plagues and disunites the State,
 And does rebellions oft create:
 It makes Men squabble, Women rail,
 And Drunkards quarrel o'er their Ale:
 It sep'rates Subjects from the Crown,
 And oftentimes pulls Monarchs down:
 It raises Brother against Brother,
 And makes Mankind hate one another:
 It hides the Knave, and paints the Whore,
 And varnishes our Vices o'er:

It makes the Priest his Flock deceive,
 And tell them what he don't believe :
 It oft breeds Maggots in the Crown,
 And makes some hang and others drown :
 In short, it so confounds our Senses,
 We scarce know Vertues from Offences ;
 And leads us by so dim a light,
 We're oftner in the Wrong than Right.
 By hobling Guides sometimes we're taught
 To say and swear the Lord knows what ;
 Do honest things in one King's Reign,
 And in the next undo 'em again :
 Sometimes assert the Truth we shall,
 And then, forsooth, abjure it all :
 Yet they shall say that rule the roast,
 Who skip from Pillar unto Post,
 Do you as we your Rulers bid you,
 And we'll be damn'd if we misguide you.
 Amen, say I, for why should we,
 For non-compliance punish'd be,
 Yet go to th' Devil if we do
 Those things the Laws compel us to.

Such

Such cruel usage, with a murrain,
 Would make a Mortal stink like Carrion.
 I say, if we are drove or drawn
 To wicked Deeds, by Furr or Lawn;
 And frighted into a concession
 With what Heav'n thinks a vile Transgression,
 The Sin cannot to us accrue,
 Then let the Devil take his due:
 For what grave Spiritual Logician,
 The Body's guide and Soul's Physician,
 By all his Art, can prove that we
 For their Mistakes shall punish'd be?
 No, the learn'd Heads, who boast of Knowledge,
 Grave, formal Dons, bred up in College,
 Masters of Arts, and of Discretion,
 Who plead, they hold good Heav'n's Commission
 To teach us, lead us, and to ride us,
 If they for Int'rest shall misguide us,
 They're damn'd, if Justice be severe,
 As sure as God's in *Glostershire*;
 Whilst we poor Souls (for who can blame us)
 Shall all come off by *Ignoramus*.

Good

Good Exhortations, and Church-Pray'r,
 The Wicked sometimes love to hear :
 But those more godly and more wise,
 At Church use daily Exercise.
 Yet all the sweating pains in Pulpits,
 Of Learned Heads on sinful Dull-pates,
 Their good Design so little answers,
 We grow more wicked than our Grandfires,
 Altho' some say, they'd much less Preaching,
 And that we've twenty times the Teaching.
 The luscious Sin of Fornication
 Was never sure so much in fashion,
 Yet those unlucky Wags that use it,
 Are taught by th' Devil to excuse it,
 And swear no Mortal, lest he's Gelt,
 That once has Loves enjoyment felt,
 Can be restrain'd from Nature's Duty,
 Or stand at Bay with Female Beauty;
 And that those Laws that bind the Creature
 From the due Benefits of Nature,

Are

Are such that cannot be obey'd,
 And therefore null as soon as made;
 For nothing can oblige us to
 What is not in our Pow'r to do:
 So Laws are equally severe,
 That punish what we can't forbear:
 Besides, say they that love the Sport,
 There are these further Reasons for't;
 It serves to populate the Nation,
 And is a prop to the Creation;
 It brings forth Soldiers for the Queen,
 And Wives for honest labouring Men;
 It stocks the Town with Whores for Bubbles,
 And breeds fair Mistresses for Nobles,
 So keeps our lawful Daughters free
 From pow'ful Importunity:
 It Servants for the Rich produces,
 Both Sexes for all sorts of uses:
 It oft advances Orange-Wenchies
 To Coach and Six, from Playhouse Benches;
 And when kind Prince poor Maid debauches,
 Out pops sometimes a Duke or Dutches.

Many

Many good Turns, by Fornication,
 Are done to this our Christian Nation.
 G--d's Lambs themselves we see approve it,
 Most Women like it, all Men love it;
 Therefore there's nothing made more plain,
 That Pulpit railing is in vain;
 For th' more our Guides exclaim against it,
 The greater Bliss we think there's in it;
 It rather mars than mends the matter,
 And makes Man like the Sport the better.
 So the fond Virgin, when in Love,
 The more her Parents disapprove
 The Spark with whom she is affected,
 The more she does on her elected.

Next to this Itch that cocks our Tails,
 The Bottle in its turn prevails;
 The sober Saints that hate this Vice,
 Charge it upon the Queen's Excise,
 Which makes the Loyal hug the Pitcher,
 Because the Throne may grow the richer.

The same excuse will serve the Sor
 That loves the Pipe as well as Pot,
 For both encrease the Crown's Revenues,
 And strengthen the Monarchick Sinews.
 Therefore in vain are all our Laws
 Against this reigning Vice, because,
 Say those that steer, the more they swill,
 More Grist it brings unto our Mill:
 Altho' it adds to th' Royal Treasure,
 The Subjects have the greatest pleasure;
 It conquers Vertue's stubborn Mind,
 And makes the coyest Phillis kind:
 It fills rank Cowards with great Words,
 And makes them fear nor Guns or Swords:
 It warms and elevates the Senses,
 And levels us with Kings and Princes:
 Yet those that can't forbear it one day
 Will rail against it of a Sunday;
 And make some squeamish Biggots think
 'Tis almost damnable to drink.
 Just so good Wives their Husband's chide,
 For staying out till Drunkentide;

But by themselves they'll sip and tattle,
And twenty Bawdy Stories prattle,
When gather'd round the Brandy Bottle.

Thus Pride, Ebriety, and Lust,
Confounds both Sexes, makes them so unjust,
We know not who to Love, or who to Trust.

F I N I S.

But by themselves they'll slip and tattle,
 And tattle Brandy stories prattle,
 When gathered round the Brandy Bottle.

This Pride, Envy, and Lust,
 Confounds both sexes, makes them so unjust,
 We know not who's for love, or who for Lust.



F I N I S
